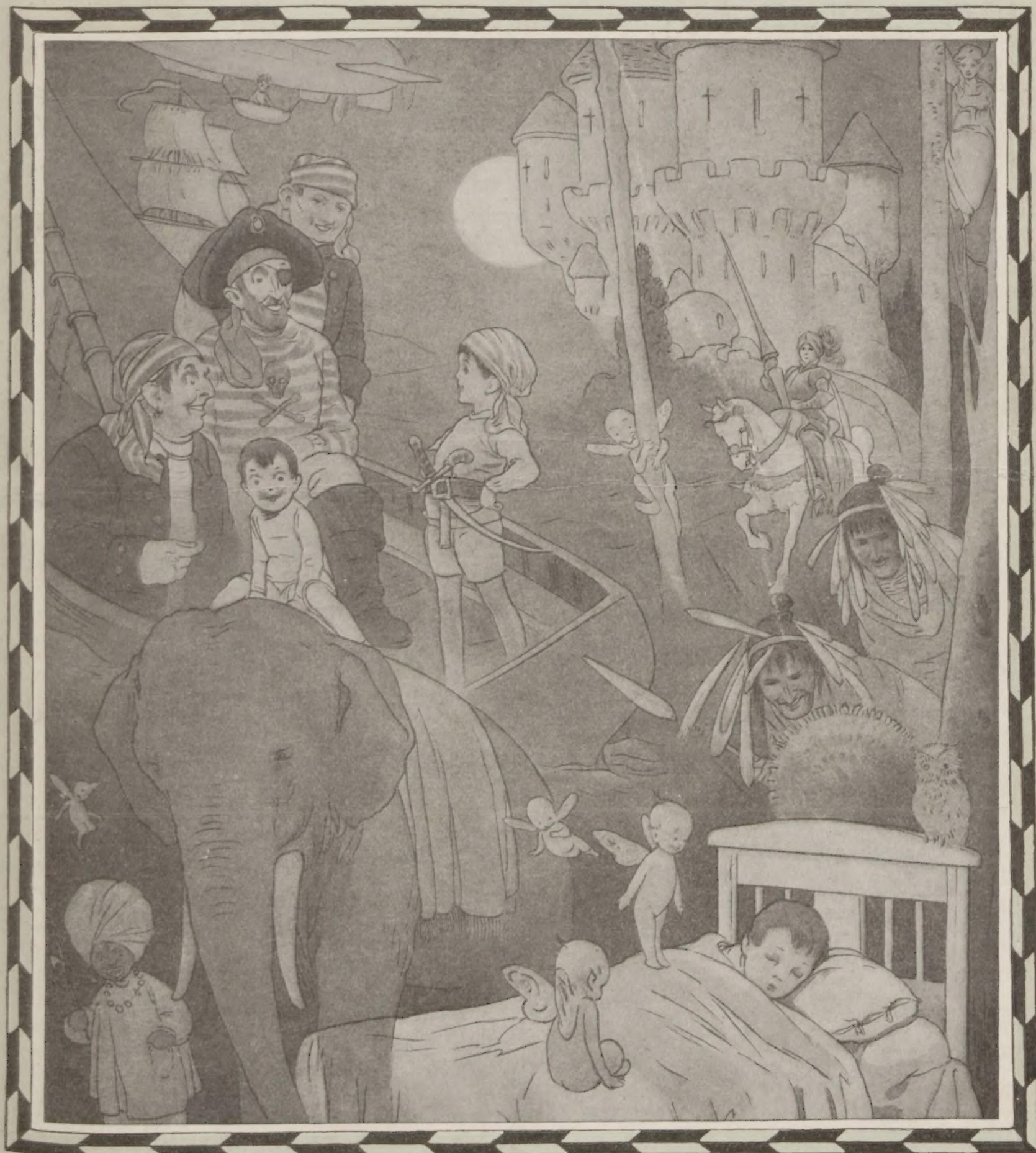


The Children's Paper

FEBRUARY 1923 T. NELSON & SONS, LTD. TWOPENCE



"QUALITY
AND FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

MADE UNDER
IDEAL CONDITIONS

Nelson's Gift Books.



Price **5s.** net.

A BOOK OF ESCAPES AND HURRIED JOURNEYS.

By JOHN BUCHAN. (B).

P.J., THE SECRET SERVICE BOY.

By LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON. (B).

A CHOICE OF CHUMS.

By HAROLD AVERY. (B).

SCHOOLGIRL CHUMS.

By KATHLYN RHODES. (G).

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

By ZANE GREY. (B).

ARTHUR PECK'S SACRIFICE.

By GILBERT JESSOP. (B).

PEGGY'S LAST TERM.

By ETHEL TALBOT. (G).

THE SILVER BLIMP.

By LIEUT. WALMSLEY. (B).

THE GIRLS OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

By H. M. IRONSIDE. (G).

Price **3s. 6d.** net.

CASTLE MARTIN.

By GEORGE RICHMOND. (B).

RISING WOLF, THE WHITE BLACKFOOT.

By J. W. SCHULTZ. (B).

THE LITTLE GREY HOUSE. By MARION AMES TAGGART. (G).

A SCOUT'S SON.

By CHARLES TURLEY. (B).

COUSIN BETTY.

By GERALDINE MOCKLER. (G).

NAN AND KEN.

By MAY WYNNE. (C).

BOSOM FRIENDS.

By ANGELA BRAZIL. (G).

THE SECRET PASSAGE.

By DOROTHY RUSSELL. (C).

(B) = Boys, (G) = Girls, (C) = Children.



THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd., London & Edinburgh.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

The School Scourge. Nits and vermin in the hair are the commonest means of communicating disease. Rankin's Head Ointment kills them instantly. 4d., 8d., & 1/3 of all chemists. Try "RANKO" INSECT POWDER for Fleas, Beetles, and all insect pests. 3d., 6d., & 1/- tins.

Rankin & Co., Kilmarnock. Established over 100 years.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

FEBRUARY 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



THE MISTLETOE MYSTERY



THE Hendersons were spending Christmas week with the Blairs; that meant a houseful, of course, for there were three Hendersons and three Blairs — the "more the merrier," as every one of them thought. And there was certainly plenty of merriment going on on Christmas Eve over the decorating, though they'd been at it most of the day; and now that it was tea-time, and the last of the rooms was nearly finished, they were all pretty well tired out.

"Oh, the Mistletoe Bough; wow-wow!" sang Dick, the youngest Blair, to Mamie, the youngest Henderson, as they attacked the last basket of mistletoe. "Here, I thought we'd finished it all—but there's life in the old dog yet! Come on, let's decorate the kitchen passage."

The kitchen passage was dark. "What's this?" asked the unaccustomed Mamie, falling over a big object near the back door.

"An—old—oak—chest!" chanted Dick in a ghostly voice.

"Don't tease, Dick," said Mamie; "you make

me feel quite ghostly. First, you were singing that awful Mistletoe Bough song, and then suddenly to find an old oak chest!—you know, it's almost like the story."

"What story?" asked Dick from the top of the chest, as he tried to fit a spray of mistletoe into a hole in the wall.

"The story of the song, of course," said Mamie; "about that girl who was shut up in an old oak chest, you know, at hide-and-seek one Christmas ages ago. And how she was never found, until—ugh! I hope it wasn't true."

"I say!" Dick sprang down; "that's a good idea. Hide-and-seek all over the house to-night—what? We'll need to stretch our legs after stretching our arms all day over these decorations. And you've given me a ripping notion, too. I'll hide in the old oak chest." He waved the last piece of mistletoe in the air, and then stuck it into the front of Mamie's frock, and away they both flew to tell the others.

"Top-hole!" was everybody's verdict. "After tea, yes." "Then bags I Mamie as partner," said Dick, with a wink at his fellow con-

spirator; and it was all arranged.

It was very jolly, too; there was no doubt about that. The Grange, the Blairs' home, was awfully old and "filled with mysteries," as the Hendersons thought; perhaps it was because of that that Mamie



Henderson felt a wee bit frightened as she and Dick skedaddled off to the back passage when their turn came to hide.

"You won't be smothered, will you, like the girl?" she asked anxiously, as she helped Dick to lift the heavy lid.

"Hope not! Anyhow, not in a quarter of an hour. If they don't find me by then, though, you can let them lift the lid. It's jolly heavy—I couldn't possibly lift it myself from inside; so don't forget!" Dick grinned up at Mamie as the lid went down.

Forget him! Indeed Mamie couldn't; she was feeling very nervous, and thinking of the Mistletoe Bough story. Still, she must hurry up and find a hiding-place for herself; and she was just about to do so, when—bang! bang! came from outside the back door. There was nobody about, so she opened it.

"May I see—?" began a strange man's gruff voice, and a terrifying individual, wearing a queer slouch hat and carrying two brooms in his hand, tried to step into the house.

"Go away!" commanded Mamie, in a dreadful fright. "We don't want any brooms!" and she banged the door in the stranger's face. Then she turned, and being terrified with the encounter, ran off to the very top of the house and hid herself in the bedroom wardrobe as far from the back door as possible.

She was found soon, of course, for everybody looks into wardrobes first thing in "Hide-and-seek"; to tell the truth, she was rather glad too. "Have you discovered Dick yet?" was the first question she asked of the "enemy." But, no—her partner had *not* been found; his hiding-place was a mystery. Up and down raced the seekers, here and there; they even opened the front and back doors and peeped out, "just in case he's hiding in the porches," as Bob Blair said. "Well, I'll tell you now," said Mamie triumphantly, when a quarter of an hour had passed. "If you look in the old oak chest in the back passage——"

A stampede drowned her words; everybody was off in that direction together. "But," shouted every one, as they lifted the heavy lid, "he isn't here!"

"WHAT!" Mamie was after them like a flash. "But he *must* be! I helped him to close the lid. He said that he couldn't lift it alone."

"Nor he could," said Bob Blair. "Whew-w! this is mysterious; let's ask the maids."

But none of the maids had released the captive, nor had Mr. and Mrs. Blair; he was *gone*, and—where? "They say that it's a very old chest. I suppose there's not a secret bottom, is there?" suggested Mrs. Blair, anxiously arriving to join the frightened seekers. Mr. Blair followed her, with a

smile on his face; but soon he, too, was searching as solemnly as everybody else. Dick could *not* be found.

"Oh, the Mistletoe Bough story! Oh, OH!" Mamie kept whispering to herself. "OH!" and then she had another idea. Could the stranger with the brooms have anything to do with the mystery? He must be a gipsy, or a magician, or—Soon everybody was listening solemnly to the tale.

"Well, I'd rather be stolen than smothered!" said one of the girls; but, somehow, nobody seemed very much comforted.

One, two, three—the clock struck ten; nobody had had any supper. Oh, where was Dick? "Suppose that man had been a kind of— Like the Arabian Nights, you know," Mamie was beginning, when—Stamp! stamp! was heard on the mat outside the back door, and into the house stepped DICK!

"Oh, *where* have you been?" asked everybody.

"But didn't you get the note?" asked Dick, still staring; and then out came a most unexpected story.

"As soon as Mamie had shut me in," said Dick, "I heard somebody tapping at the back door. I heard voices, too—Mamie's, as she slammed the door, but I heard another chap's voice too. I knew whose voice it was: it was Mr. Hoyle the scoutmaster's. 'What on earth shall I do?' I thought. 'He must want me for something to do with our patrol;' and I tapped on the chest for Mamie to let me out, but she'd gone off to hide herself and didn't hear. Some one else heard me, though—Mr. Hoyle himself. He came back into the passage again when Mamie'd gone, for he evidently understood that, not knowing him, she'd made a mistake, and he *really* wanted me. He heard me tapping, as I've said, and, being brainy, he lifted the lid and out I sprang. He'd come, as it happened, to ask me to join in with the rest of the patrol and dig out Widow Blackie's coal-shed; she couldn't get at her fuel, and to-morrow's Christmas, you see. Some of the chaps had brought spades, and Mr. Hoyle had brought along two brooms, one for himself and one for me; and, well, I scribbled a note to say where I'd gone, and laid it on the chest, where I knew they'd find it; and I went off, and—here I am."

"But we never found the note!" chorused everybody.

"Well, strange to say, I've just picked it up myself in the back porch," said Dick. "How it got there, I don't know, but—" He held it out.

"When we opened the back door to see if he was hiding in the porch, perhaps it blew out!" said one of the Hendersons. "I remember that the wind——"

Well, that was all. Everybody's forgotten the affair now; everybody except Mamie.





SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



Smiles that go round the World.

"SMILES," all the world over, are made of very much the same sort of stuff. How should you describe a joke? Is it not just our human nature laughing at itself? And human nature—whatever colour it may be on the top—has got a strong family likeness down below. We often hear it said that

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

This explains why, wherever we go, we find the same jokes cropping up and making "smiles."

An Afghan gentleman, visiting England lately, treated his English friends to some "smiles" from Afghanistan. One of these came out during his description of an Afghan "flitting." An Afghan flitting is a much more simple business than an English one. It needs no elaborate packing-up and no big furniture-removing vans. All that the Afghan has to "cart about" are the family blankets and a few cooking utensils; and these can be quite easily strapped on the back of a camel.

Our Afghan visitor said that, one day, while roaming through his native land, he met a fellow-countryman who had decided to move house (or rather "tent") to the opposite side of the river. He had packed the blankets and the cooking-pots upon the camel, and on the top of them his wife sat, balancing on her head a giant water-melon.

The teller of the story, having stopped to speak to them, ventured to ask why she should give herself this needless trouble. She answered that she was carrying the water-melon because the poor camel had quite enough without it!

Now must she not have been first cousin to that dear old lady of whom we all have heard, who, leaving the railway station, got into a cab, hugging her portmanteau. "Gimme your bag, lady," said the cabman; "I'll put it on top of the cab." "No, indeed," was the kind soul's reply; "that poor horse of yours has enough to pull. I shall just hold it on my lap!"

Probably most of us who know that story know, too, the story of the Highland ferryman, whose boat, laden with passengers, was caught in a squall half-way across the loch. He and his mate, with worried faces, held a consultation; and then he came

round to the passengers, who were uneasy too. "It looks bad," he remarked. "We dinna ken what might come over us. So we'll just tak' your two-pences now!"

Evidently this cautious ferryman has a brother out in Afghanistan. He lives on the top of a high peaked crag in charge of a "wishing-stone." This wishing-stone is a red stone with a "dunt" in it, which was made, say the Afghans, by the big toe of a royal saint of theirs who lived about 6000 B.C. We sometimes say, in fun, that we expect to see "wings sprouting," when people are extra good. But this Afghan king's wings really *did* sprout; or, if not, he learned to fly without such aids, for he could soar through the air whenever he pleased and alight wherever he chose. One day he chose to alight on this high peaked crag, and left his toe-print in the wishing-stone!

Any pilgrim climbing to the spot may "wish" there—if he pays the fee. The fee is half a crown for an ordinary simple wish, but you have to pay more for a very out-of-the-way one; in fact, this may cost you anything up to £2.

One day, the Afghan visitor to England said, he climbed the steep crag to the wishing-stone and said to its keeper,—

"I want to wish."

"You may do so," replied the keeper, "on payment of the usual fee. Is it an easy wish or a hard one?"

"A very hard one," was the answer.

"Then it will cost you £2," said the keeper.

"And is it certain I shall get the wish?" inquired the visitor.

"Certain, beyond all doubt," the keeper solemnly assured him.

"Well, then," the visitor said, "I will tell you my wish. It is that I may jump from this peak and alight in safety on that boulder"—pointing to a stone in the deep gorge below.

The keeper of the wishing-stone looked down over the precipice at the boulder. Then he looked thoughtfully at the wisher of the wish.

"Yes. Yes," he slowly nodded. "Doubtless. By all means. It will be best, however, that you pay me the £2 before you take the leap!"

BILLY had heard the joke at school, but he found that he could not catch his father with it.

"Do nuts grow on trees, Dad?" he asked.

"Yes, sonny."

"Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?"

"Why, on the pan-try, of course!"

(Sent in by WALTER BOWDLER.)

Bible Story.

John, the Companion of Jesus.

BY ROBERT BIRD.

2. THE CHILD JOHN.

JOHN and James, sons of Salome, the wife of a fisherman, belonged to Bethsaida, a village by the blue lake of Gennesaret. Their mother and Mary, the mother of Jesus, were sisters, and so John and James were cousins of Jesus. Zebedee, their father, was a well-to-do man who had a large fishing-boat and hired men to work for him. The fishing-place was called Bethsaida, because of the number of fishermen who came there with their boats; and as the lake was rich in fish, the boats, large and small, could be numbered by hundreds.

Jesus was already a little boy of about six years old when John was born in the fisherman's cottage. He was living with His parents in the quiet village of Nazareth, twenty miles up the hills of Galilee. His father was a carpenter, who made wooden houses, doors, floors, seats, ploughs, and boats. The people from the hills came down to the towns at the lake to sell their honey and oil, and Joseph the carpenter would come also with the youthful Jesus to repair Zebedee's boats or build a new one. Being relatives living near, the two families would often see one another, for clan feeling was strong in Galilee.

This little kingdom of Galilee ruled by Herod the King was not half the size of Yorkshire, but in those days, both in Palestine and in Britain, the chiefs of clans called themselves princes, and bigger chiefs were kings. The men of Galilee longed to drive out their Roman conquerors, but it was hopeless. The Roman soldiers did not require to come in ships, as they did to Britain. They were at hand in Syria when wanted. But the Galileans were brave highlanders, and whenever they were oppressed and insulted beyond endurance, they rose and tried again to drive out the Roman garrison, with the same result—fire, slaughter, and misery.

When John was quite a child, Quirinus, the Roman governor, proposed to count the Jews and tell his master, the Emperor of Rome, how many men there were to tax. Then swords and spears were brought out from caves and wells and hiding-places. At the call of a leader named Judas the men of Galilee fought the Roman soldiers amongst the hills and valleys for four years; but the short swords and brass bucklers of the Roman army of mixed foreigners, whose whole business was to fight, were too strong

for the shepherds and peasants. The Galileans did not know how to form, and rally, and march, and again the fierce war trumpets of the Romans blew peals of victory as they marched up and down their valleys.

These were terrible days for John's father and mother. Many of the young fishermen from the villages by the lake went up into the hills to fight against oppression and slavery. Roman soldiers with their clattering arms, and their officers on strong horses, often passed through the village. When they stopped, it was to go into the cottages and demand food and wine, which none dared refuse. Sometimes they slept there for the night, and the people had to give them food and lodging without a murmur. They were coarse men from all countries, who took with a rough hand what they fancied, and left traces of sorrow and suffering wherever they went, for every soldier was a Roman citizen, and looked upon the Galileans as slaves.

The language of John's home was Aramaic, the familiar tongue of the country people, of the fields and roads. At first his mother, then his father, taught him out of the Hebrew Bible.

But he also learnt how to hold a fishing-net, pull in a rope, or row an oar in his father's fishing-boat, and slowly he learnt how the sails were hoisted up the mast, and how to steer the boat, with his father watching him. By that time his cousin Jesus, in the village up in the hills, was a young man, helping His father as a carpenter, and going with him to the festivals at Jerusalem.

And so in these two villages of Galilee, one among the hills and the other by the blue lake, two boys were growing up whose names would be linked together by the love that was between them.

John and his young companions drank of the spring, ate the grapes and figs and olives, bringing the ripe barley in armfuls for their mothers to grind and bake into thin cakes which they called bread. We should call them oat cakes now, and break them with finger and thumb, as they did. Soft bread cut with a knife was unknown to them; just as sweet milk was unknown, for it curdled so soon that they drank it sour, and liked it.

Butterflies of blue, and crimson-black, fluttered among the flowers for children to chase, and the nests of the goldfinch and skylark were hidden in the bushes and the grass. Small spotted fish darted about in the streams, as the merry little boys pursued them up and down. John saw his father fishing with long rods from his boat, and shaking the brown nets out over the stern; for his father lived by fishing and by selling his fish, particularly in the

fash
help
on
ther
bun
Juli
whi
whe
plea
with
lake
tow
and
nes
J
the



CHRIST AND ST. JOHN.

(From the painting in the Prado, Madrid, by Murillo.)

fashionable towns farther down the lake. John helped to split and clean the fish, and lay them out on the stones to dry in the burning sun, and gather them up again to be firmly tied with string into bundles. They were for the market in Bethsaida Julia, over the stone bridge at the springs of Jordan, whither King Herod came with his Roman friends when he wished a change, and warm bathing and pleasant sails on the lake. Long journeys were made with the heavily laden mule, for dried fish from this lake was carried in large quantities up to the hill towns, and away to the markets of far Damascus and Jerusalem, because fish from the Lake of Genesaret had a finer flavour than fish from the sea.

John went to the school kept by the old rabbi at the synagogue, dressed in a coloured tunic of coarse

blue or brown, like a sleeveless shirt, bound in at the waist with a strip of leather for a belt, with his bare brown legs, and his light hair tossing in the wind. The schooling was not severe, for the master was not allowed to thrash the boys, and he sent them home on days when it was too hot for lessons. The lessons consisted in sitting on the floor, repeating all together verses of the Bible, recited by the rabbi in a slow sing-song voice. To know books of the Bible by heart was the main thing. Writing and spelling came a long way after. Arithmetic and languages came a longer way still, while music, grammar, poetry, and history, outside the Bible, were unknown. And so the lessons were intended that boys should get the Bible and the history of their people and the fear of God into their hearts.

Popular Pets.

Rabbits.

FEW outdoor pets have attained more popularity than rabbits. The expression "outdoor" is used advisedly, since, no matter how scrupulously

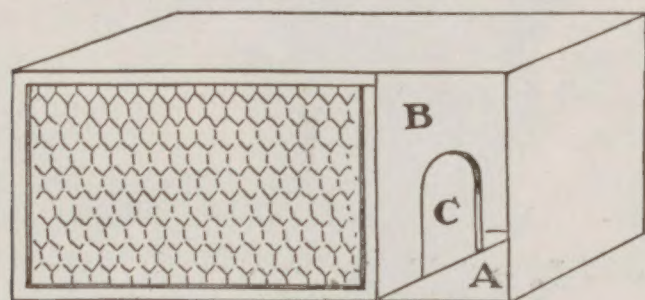


FIG. 1.—HUTCH AND SLEEPING COMPARTMENT.

clean the hutches be kept, the presence of these pets in the house can never be other than objectionable.

It must not be imagined, however, that any vacant spot in the garden or yard will be a suitable site for the hutches. If it be remembered how snugly rabbits dwell in their burrows, usually made in a warm, sandy soil, it will be clear that their hutches should be similarly placed in some sheltered position, hidden from the cold winds, and, what is even more important, protected from the damp. The captive rabbit has no worse enemy than the damp.

A good position having been secured, the hutches may be ranged in tiers against the walls, the lowest tier being about one foot from the ground. Where different-sized hutches are used, the smaller ones should naturally be placed at the top.

As a general rule, it may be taken that hutches should measure 20 inches in height, 24 inches in depth, and be about 4 feet 6 inches long. The floor must be constructed with a slant, making the back about 2 inches lower than the front. As this sloping

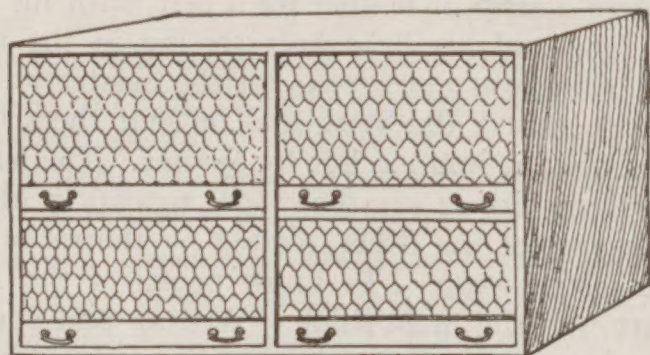


FIG. 2.—HUTCHES IN TIERS.

floor serves to drain the hutch, a zinc gutter about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide must be placed along the back to carry off whatever may drain down to it.

The larger rabbits will require a sleeping compart-

ment in their hutches, as shown in Fig. 1. The space A, measuring about 18 inches, must be shut off with a sliding partition B, in which is an arched entrance C, the edges of which have been very carefully rounded and smoothed, in order to avoid injuring the coats of the inhabitants.

The cleanliness so essential to the welfare of rabbits can be ensured by fitting the hutches with false bottoms made of interlaced laths, beneath which zinc-lined drawers are placed so arranged that they can be pulled out and cleaned daily. The position of this drawer can be clearly seen in Fig. 2.

The interior of the hutches can be kept clean and fresh with whitewash, which must be allowed to dry very thoroughly before the inmates are permitted to return to their homes. Before the approach of winter the hutches should be thoroughly overhauled and repaired wherever necessary.

Provided that it be dry, there is no especial rule to be observed regarding the bedding. Dried grass, hay, bracken, and similar litter are excellent for the purpose, and, being easily obtainable, can be renewed frequently.



FIG. 3.—THE FULL LOP.

Considerable care must be exercised to maintain an even temperature in those sheds where fancy breeds of rabbits are kept. The thermometer should never be allowed to fall below 60 degrees, and may be kept well above that figure. Whatever the heat may be, it must be constant, especially for foreign rabbits.

FANCY BREEDS.

Fancy breeds thrive excellently with regular feeding and a steady temperature. Before selecting the inmates for the hutches, however, it will be as well to consider how rabbits are judged.

The value of some breeds depends upon the dewlap, or pouch beneath the throat. This should be full and well shaped. The length, shape, and position of the ears, the texture of the fur and general build of the animal, are matters of much consideration with fanciers.

Amongst the fancy breeds may be mentioned:—

- (1) The Full Lop (Fig. 3), whose ears should measure not less than twenty inches from tip to tip.
- (2) The Oar Lop, thus named because the ears stand out like a pair of oars.
- (3) The Horn Lop, whose slanting ears appear curiously contorted like a pair of horns.
- (4) The Flat Lop, with ears touching the ground.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Enchanted Queen.

ONCE, ever so many years and years ago, and in a country the name of which no man now knows, there was a great castle which was enchanted, and in which a lovely queen lay asleep. She had lain in that sleep for many years.

Now, the castle towered high above a town which was the centre of a great kingdom; but that kingdom, once full of happy folks, lay under a spell too—a spell that would never be lifted till the queen awoke.

How the people wished that the spell might be lifted, so that the kingdom would be restored to its old splendour, and every one be quite happy!

All that was needed was that somebody should be brave enough to go and blow out a magical lamp that burned perpetually before the queen as she lay asleep in her great and splendid castle.

But nobody could be found brave and unselfish enough, for the man who blew out the lamp must not be more than twenty-one years old; and the price he must pay for waking the queen, and making the kingdom happy once more, was that he himself would be so changed that he would have to spend all the rest of his life with his head turned into that of a fearful, ugly monster.

At last, after the queen had lain asleep just one hundred years to a day, a young prince on his travels came to that town. He knew the story, and thought it did not matter what happened to himself; it would be such a great thing to make so many people happy by waking the sleeping queen.

Wasn't that good of him? There was no time to lose, for next day he would be

twenty-one, and then he would be too old; so, after he had had a little rest in an inn, he found his way to the castle.

It was evening, and the castle was so lit up and so cheerful looking, that you would never guess there was no one in it but a lovely, sleeping queen.

The castle gate opened of itself before the prince. A pathway stretched before him into a vast and beautiful hall, and on a golden couch in the centre lay the lovely queen, just like the Sleeping Beauty in the other story. She was smiling, as if she was dreaming that her prince was near.

So he was, and the brave prince hesitated only one minute; the next, the lamp was blown out! He felt a cold wind sweep over his face; there was a sudden thunder as of golden trumpets; then the castle flashed into a blaze of light.

A mirror stood opposite the prince, and as he looked at his reflection he shuddered. He was such a fearful, ugly monster—with a beast's head on his poor young body.

But the queen had opened her pretty eyes, and was looking at him. Frightened? Not a bit! "Oh, princely heart!" she said, and put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

And at that kiss the ugly head vanished, and there was the prince himself again!

"Ah, dear heart! you did not know that my kiss would bring you back at once to your true form, but *I* did. Listen!"

Then was heard a noise like thunder: it was the people running, tumbling, dancing with joy up from the town below. They had heard the trumpets, and seen the castle flash with fire, and *knew* what had happened.

So you can guess how happy every one was for ever after, and how the prince was married to the queen.

Then he went out and conquered another enemy who threatened her; and when he came home triumphant, there was his wife waiting for him—and so our story ends.



THE SUNSHINE CHILDREN

CHAPTER III.

ADVENTURES.

THE story of Cluny's rescue from starvation, and his happy life in a land of plenty, was told in every cottage in Claudeen before the day was over. How the simple fisher folk laughed, chaffing Dan, and having their sly dig at Polgraint, the butcher, too. But the story made every one anxious to see the Sunshine children, who had entered so joyously on their visit to Cornwall.

The vicar, Mr. Torfane, called on Uncle Bob that very day. The vicar was a bachelor, too, so I fancy he called to sympathize. But he never got the chance, for Louisa's rock cakes had just been set on the table, and Ann was seated behind the teapot. Uncle Bob did not have to play host at all. It was done for him by his hospitable relations. Noel recommended bread and butter; Con urged cakes; Ann helped the visitor to sugar, as if he were in special need of sweetening.

And how they talked! The vicar wondered what his sister Jane would say. Jane had her ideas of bringing up children to be seen and not heard. These children from America were heard all the time, and they were so innocently gay over their chatter that the vicar sat laughing.

Noel was in dead earnest over learning to know all there was to know about the neighbourhood. "Do you know stories about Tregagle?" he asked anxiously. "Rose says he was an awful man, and that his ghost roams all over the moors. Do tell us. Ann ain't afraid of ghosts."

The vicar stroked his chin. "Of course there are plenty of legends all around these parts," he said. "People say when the sea roars before a storm that 'Tregagle is calling.' He is quite the Cornish Bluebeard. There is a tale that he is doomed to empty Dosmery Pool, near Bodmin Moor, with a pierced limpet shell, and also to carry away a truss of sand bound with a rope of sand from Gwenvor. If you are fond of legends you will find plenty of them round here, where Tregagle is as big a bogey as he was a hundred years ago, and King Arthur as wonderful a

hero. But I must be going now. Another time you shall hear some of the stories of Vellandracher Moor. I see you are quite ready to become Cornish folk."

"We wouldn't desert the Stars and Stripes," said Noel. "Guess that wouldn't be loyal; but Mother's Cornish bred, so King Arthur and Tregagle belong a bit to us."

And after that speech the vicar went off chuckling. I don't think he considered Uncle Bob needed any more sympathy!

"We must get up early to-morrow," Noel told the others. "The days aren't half long enough. S'pose we go down to the cove and have a climb around. The tide will be low then."

Ann and Con were quite ready. They had plenty of energy. The only thing Con was doubtful about was *food*. If they went to Gwenvor before breakfast, how terribly hungry they would be!

"Can't be helped," said Noel briskly. "If we ask for anything we shall be told not to get up. I guess that's fact. Rose isn't down till nearly seven. I heard her this morning."

"There's a ladder near the greenhouse," said Ann. "'Spose we put that up outside my window we needn't wake any one, and we could leave our shoes at the bottom when we climb up."

Con patted her on the back. "That's fine," he said. "Only I wish we had a ladder into the larder too."

It was barely light next morning when down from Ann's bedroom window stole three slim figures.

No fear of those children not waking! And there is a delicious feeling of adventure about getting up before the day has really come. In the dim dawn-light it was ever so easy to believe in all the mermaids and witches of whom Hetty and Rose had been telling them. There were no such things at Golden Vale Farm, and you can't guess how our three little Americans loved the quaint, old-world ideas of this out-of-the-way Cornish village where everything was a delight.

Noel for one wanted to visit a dozen places at once, but he felt Gwenvor Sands made a good beginning. It was possible they might reach Priest's Cove, of which Rose's brother Charlie

had told them yesterday. Here, on the cliffs, was the ruin of a very ancient monastery. Delicious! Nothing could be nicer than climbing walls hundreds of years old, and looking for secrets buried as many hundred years ago.

Con had filled his pockets with apples as a slight stay against hunger pangs. He was quite generous in handing them round!

Noel was too crazy over his exploring to worry about apples. He led the way at a rate which forced his brother and sister to run.

"We won't take Cluny, will we?" said Ann. "He might feel like Con about breakfast. Isn't the cold air fine? It makes you feel like a giant!"

"Different from London," laughed Con. "I wonder how the nice cat's-meat man is, and whether Aunt Cyn still sighs when she thinks of her tea-party and us coming in all grubby."

"London's some hole!" said Noel. "Will you be scared to climb down the cliff path, Ann?"

Noel was always nice in remembering Ann was a girl without being grumpy about it.

And Ann did not often get scared. She said she loved cliff paths, and scrambled down as nimbly as the boys. Ann's frocks were so short that they did not worry her much. Louisa had said she would have to let down all the hems!

Oh, *what* sands those sands were! The children nearly went mad as they raced about, barefoot of course—splashing amongst the shallow waves, climbing rocks, stuffing shells and seaweed into their pockets for souvenirs, and finally arriving at the most delightful of coves crowned by ruins—real ruins, which looked as if they ought to be properly crammed with ghosts and owls and buried treasures: in fact, all the dear, delicious things which the children longed after.

"That's a cave in the cliff," yelled Noel, leading the way. "A smugglers' cave, hurrah! I'm a smuggler, hey, what-ho! The cargo must be run under the noses of the excisemen. Now for adventure. Come, mates!"

It was all very well to say "come," but no one unless he borrowed cat's eyes could see in the dark of the gloomy old cave.

"I've got matches," said Con.

"And I've got my torch," laughed Noel. "One at a time. There might be a pit or a subterranean stream. Just supposing we found a skeleton! I wonder who last explored here?"

"Here—here—here," rolled the echo.

"Some one's in there," whispered Ann, and clung to Noel as the boy's laughter awoke fresh echoes.

"Who's afraid?" demanded Noel. "I guess

you aren't really scared, Ann. We can't meet anything alive." He crept forward as he spoke, Ann came next, Con brought up the rear. "We're excisemen coming to surprise the smugglers," said Noel; but the next moment it was he who met with a surprise, as something white came swirling up the passage with a peculiar cry which sent Con scuttling for the cave entrance. "Hengle—on!" yelled Noel, reeling backwards as a monster bird flapped its strong wings in his face. "What—why—what——"

"A sea-gull," cried Con, as he watched the cave-dweller fly screaming away across the shore. "A sea-gull. What a spree! Did you think it was the ghost of an old smuggler, ho?"

"I don't know what I thought it was," confessed Noel; "but the fierce thing pecked my nose real bad."

"It hadn't had any breakfast," suggested Con slyly. He was finding apples a very poor "stay."

"Supposing we go right home," queried Ann. "We shouldn't have time to find—um—skeletons and things."

"Too early," replied Noel firmly. "We must find something for our trouble." And he flashed his torch round.

They had come to the inner entrance of a large, circular cave, with ocean-washed floor and bare rock walls where patches of chalky substance showed.

"This must have been where they brought their cargoes," said Ann. "But I don't see any hidden treasure."

Noel ran his finger along a ledge of rock. "The sea must come that high," he replied, "when the tide's full. So I guess those smugglers couldn't have made this any sort of headquarters. If it really *was* a smugglers' cave they must have had a secret way up into the ruins above. Don't I wish we could locate it!"

But Ann and Con were resolute. They knew Noel would be quite capable of remaining here till he *did* find what he was looking for, and how about breakfast? Let alone the feelings of Uncle Bob!

"And Louisa said he had half a mind to send us right back to London as soon as we came," hinted Ann.

The hint was enough, and Con for one did not mind the haste with which they returned to breakfast.

It was rather a shock to find the ladder removed from where they had placed it, but it was always the Sunshine children's motto to put a brave face on anything, and even Louisa could not rage too hotly when three radiant young persons presented her with a fine speci-

men of that particular seaweed which you are supposed to be able to tell the weather by.

I think when at last Con felt he had had enough breakfast Noel would have liked to return to the cave, but Uncle Bob had a job to suggest.

"Amos, the gardener, is extra busy," he said, "gathering in my apple crop. I have heard many hands make light work. And Amos has a rheumatically back."

That was enough, and I don't think it needed any great self-sacrifice to pick those apples!

There are two ways of doing things, and at first poor Amos was greatly concerned that his beautiful "russets" and "pip-pins" would be spoiled by rough handling.

"If you pinch an apple in picking you'll bruise it badly," he told them. "You'll be careful, little masters."

How they chuckled!

"You should have seen us picking apples at Golden Vale," said Noel. "Guess that was some job. And Dad taught us how to do it. There weren't many bruises on those apples."

Amos straightened himself, with both hands clasping the small of his back.

"My sister's son he went to the Merikies," said he thoughtfully. "And 'cordin' to what he says it's a fine country. But I don't suppose it's like Cornwall; and as to pickin' apples, you've never heard, I suspect, little master, that if you don't pick the fruit at the full o' the moon it loses all its plumpness."

How amused the children were!

"Reckon Cornwall's as full of superstitions as an egg is of meat," said Ann quaintly. "Yesterday Hetty broke one of Uncle's best china

cups, and she had to smash a common one to stay the ill luck."

"True enough," agreed Amos, going back to his work; "ill luck always goes in threes."

It seemed a great pity that Amos had to leave off work to talk, or there would have been no end to the questions he would have had to answer about his native country.

"Peter Tregallan's the one to talk," said Noel,

as, after dinner, the three went their way down towards the shore. "He was telling me yesterday about fairies, and spriggans, and knockers. The knockers are the fairies who live in the mines. They are supposed once to have been the Jews who crucified Christ. Peter vowed his grandfather had seen one once. It was awfully ugly. He tickled me stiff, only I wouldn't let him see it, he was so solemn. He said that, if you can get hold of a certain sort of green ointment to rub your eyes, you can see fairies by daylight, but that makes the fairies furious, because in the day they look old and withered. Sometimes the spriggan-fairies steal people's babies and put changelings in their places; then you have to put the changeling upon a pile of ashes, beat it with a broom, then lay it under a church stile till night-fall, when the right

baby comes back. Peter says there was a woman living near Carn Brea, called Jenny Trayer, who had that happen to her child; but the baby who had been to fairyland was always queer."

"Some nonsense!" quoth Con. "Anyway I guess I'm glad I never went to fairyland—they wouldn't have known how to feed me." And Con produced from his pocket a comfortable



SMUGGLER ANN WAS TAKEN PRISONER AND HAULED BACK TO THE CAVE.

wedge of saffron cake, which certainly a host of fairies would not have tackled.

Amos had told Uncle Bob that the little masters and miss had been as much help as three men with his apple-picking, and for reward Louisa had packed them a tea-basket so that they need not return till late.

"Though don't be playin' under the cliffs after gloaming," had been Louisa's warning, "or the little people will carry you away to Dicky Danjy's hole."

A threat which had much delighted the children.

"I've got an idea," said Noel thoughtfully, as he stood on the slope looking down to where, on a small green, a bunch of village children were playing a merry game. "Supposing we ask some of those kids to come along to the cave and have a game of smugglers. If some of those fisher boys came they might get the loan of a boat. We could have real sport—running a cargo."

Con and Ann applauded. A good romp was what they wanted, and "smugglers" made a special appeal.

The fisher children were enjoying a less thrilling game of "Joggle along," which the new-comers stood to watch. One boy stood in the centre, whilst the others, in pairs, circled round singing,—

"That we may live happy when we grow old;
The day is far spent, the night's coming on,
Give us your arm and we'll joggle along."

At the words "joggle along," each pair separated and tried to catch the arm of the player in front, whilst the "middle boy" tried at the same time to get a partner, one being left out to take the place of middle man.

"That's fun," said Noel gaily. "But say! wouldn't 'smugglers' be better still? We want to go as far as the Priest's Cove; there's a fine smugglers' cave there. And if we could get a boat we'd be smugglers running a cargo and surprised by excisemen."

The little girls and younger boys shook their heads shyly, and moved away to continue their games; but there were several bigger lads and two or three of the older girls who seemed delighted at the idea. It was difficult just to understand what they said, the deep burring of their Cornish dialect made the words all "run together" in a jumble, but the young Winshaws were cute in gathering the general sense, and Noel had already found an enthusiast in black-eyed Dick Tenharden, a boy some two years older than himself, dressed in fisher clothes.

"Father's boat is yon," said Dick, pointing to a boat lying on the sands near. "And he's

away at Carn Brea. I'll bring the boat round to the cove. It's Roglan's Cave you'll be meaning, under the ruins of the monastery."

This was grand! Away went Dick, with a pack of youngsters to help him launch the craft, taking Noel with him; whilst Ann and Con led the rest of the detachment over the rocks.

Even Con forgot the all-importance of tea, and burst into song as he raced along.

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it Macaroni,"

yelled Con, and the Cornish boys, not to be beaten, shouted back verses of their own brave ballads.

Noel and Dick had arranged everything by the time they met outside Roglan's Cave. Noel was to be Exciseman Corrand, and Dick was to be Black Roglan, with Con and Ann as lieutenants, and several other boys as dare-devil smugglers.

It was "some game," and no mistake, though Exciseman Corrand grieved at the thought that, according to Dick, there *was* a secret way from the ruins to the cave, which no one had been able to discover. If *only* he could have led his "officers of the law" by that way he would soon *have* surprised Black Roglan, who was tremendously busy bringing up a cargo of small boulders, which represented barrels of wine, lace, and tobacco.

This couldn't be allowed! Up from behind the larger rocks leaped Exciseman Corrand. But Black Roglan was not going to be trapped, and if the way to his cave were barred there was still the sea.

Throwing down their "bales," the smugglers rushed helter-skelter for their boat, hotly pursued by the shouting excisemen. There were many tumbles and a few casualties, but every one was too excited to notice that; and the battle around the boat waxed so lively that Con fell backwards into the water, and was fished out by Black Roglan, looking like a drowned rat.

Smuggler Ann was taken prisoner and hauled back to the cave, where a short truce was held whilst a fire was lighted, the kettle set to boil, Con given a rub-down, and a merry meal partaken of. Louisa had not provided for quite such a picnic party, but luckily Con had watched the packing of the basket, and there was enough cake to "go round."

After tea the gallant excisemen drew off to consult how to get clear with their prisoner, whilst Black Roglan plotted a deep plot to make a rescue, drive off the foe, and run his cargo by sweet moonlight.

It was really quite easy to believe in the reality of the game with the black mouth of the cave yawning near, the jagged rocks and towering cliffs, the boat tossing on the waves, and the stretch of yellow sands.

Noel could have wept in his longing to discover the secret stair up which Smuggler Roglan was said to have been creeping when he met his fate. But it was no use; he had to plan another way of evading those crouching, alert smugglers, and was about to start off when the sound of a loud and angry voice warned the whole party of "excisemen" within the cave that Black Roglan was encountering other foes.

Out they ran in some dismay to find poor Dick in the grasp of his angry father.

Tom Tenharden was one of the fishermen whom the young Winshaws had not found very friendly. He was a big, black-browed man, with a hasty temper and too great liking for liquor. He had been drinking lately, and the effects of it had left him quarrelsome and snarling.

Dick, poor boy, had often enough suffered as a result of these moods, and it was evident he was going to suffer now. Tenharden was shaking him as a terrier might a rat, whilst he struck him a heavy blow on the ear.

"You'll take my boat, will you, you young good-for-nought," he shouted. "You'll repent it this time! I'll break every bone in your body, you impudent little toad. I'll——"

The other boys had drawn back, afraid to interfere, but rebellious. Dick, very white but dauntless, tried to wrench himself free. Noel ran up to the two at once. He was a good deal shorter than Dick, but sturdily built, and the other lads gaped admiringly as they saw him brave the storm which they guessed his interference would bring.

"Say!" urged Noel, in his rather shrill young voice, "you'll not be *that* mean to strike the wrong man. Guess if you want to thrash any one it must be me. I thought of smugglers and excisemen, and I asked Dick to bring along the boat. It's my fault."

Tom Tenharden was so amazed that he actually loosened his hold on his son, and Dick, finding himself free, sprang to Noel's side. For a moment or so the angry fisherman looked as if he meant to punish them both. But he was clear-headed enough to know there would be serious trouble for him if he touched Mr. Bellfield's nephew, and, besides, the boy's pluck appealed to the better side of his nature.

"Off with you both, then," he grumbled. "Off with you both. It's neck twistin' you want, but I'll let be this time. Come, young Dick,

into the boat with me. As for the rest of you saucy lads, it's time you were back at home if you don't want to be caught by the tide. Now, Dick."

He flung out his arm, pointing to the boat, half driving his son before him, and yet with a grin to spare for Noel, who stood doubtful whether it were really safe to let the quondam "Black Roglan" go in such custody. But even he could see that Tenharden was not in the mood for any more interference, and, with a sigh, he returned to crestfallen comrades.

"I guess we'd better quit," he said. "We wouldn't feel like more play anyway. But next time we'll get some one else's boat, and maybe we shall have found the stair."

The fisher boys shook their heads. That stair was not likely to be found, and so they were not inclined to waste time over it. Noel was not looking at the matter in that way, and both Con and Ann were sure there would be no peace till he had discovered that mysterious path from ruins to cave.

"I guess we ought to explore the ruins," said Ann, "before we play smugglers again. We might go to-morrow, if Uncle hasn't any more jobs for us."

Noel flung back his head. "If he has we must do them," he decided. "And if we go to the monastery we must take Cluny. It doesn't do to let oneself only think of one thing, but I guess it's easy."

"I'm thinking," said Con softly, "that we'll need a good-sized supper after that tea. If there's one saying more daft than another, it's that one of Louisa's about getting up from a meal feeling you could eat another the same size."

I believe Noel and Ann were inclined to agree. Certainly "smugglers" had proved a very hungry game.

(To be continued.)

Motto for February.

To have faith is to create, to have hope is to call down blessing, to have love is to work miracles.—MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

Sent in by both K. GORDON-SMITH, 5 Kemerton Road, Beckenham, and PHYLLIS DAVIES, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, to each of whom a book prize has been awarded.

A Home-made Picture Book.

A BEAUTIFUL home-made picture book can be constructed from materials which many people would throw away.

Several sheets of good stout brown paper, and a thick cardboard dress-box, and a couple of yards of brown, deep blue, green, or red braid or ribbon, not more than an inch wide, will be needed, besides a cup of paste. This is made by putting a heaped-up spoonful of flour into a cup, and mixing it into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and then filling the cup up with boiling water and stirring it until the mixture thickens and becomes half transparent; when cold it is ready for use.

A penny paste-brush is a necessity, unless cook will give you an old pastry brush, which does splendidly for paste. (So it ought: EDITRESS.)

The picture book shown in the Diagram measures 16 inches long by 12 inches wide, and this is a very useful size.

The lid of the dress-box will provide a sheet of cardboard for one cover of this size, and the bottom of the box will provide the other.

To cut them to the exact measurements, lay the cardboard on the floor, or on an old deal-topped table, and, having marked out the exact size with the help of a ruler and a pencil, cut out the cardboard along the lines with a strong sharply pointed penknife or pocket knife, and proceed to cover each piece of cardboard with a sheet of smooth thick brown paper, cut a couple of inches larger than the cardboard, folding it over neatly and mitring it at the corners before pasting it down all round the edges on the inside of the cover.

A second sheet of paper, cut an inch smaller than the cardboard, must next be brushed over with paste for an inch all round the edge, and placed inside the cover to cover up all the rough edges of paper and make the cover neat inside.

When the two covers have been finished, they should be put under a pile of books until the paste has had time to dry, and then slits must be carefully cut in both covers, for the braid or ribbon, which is to tie them together, to pass through.

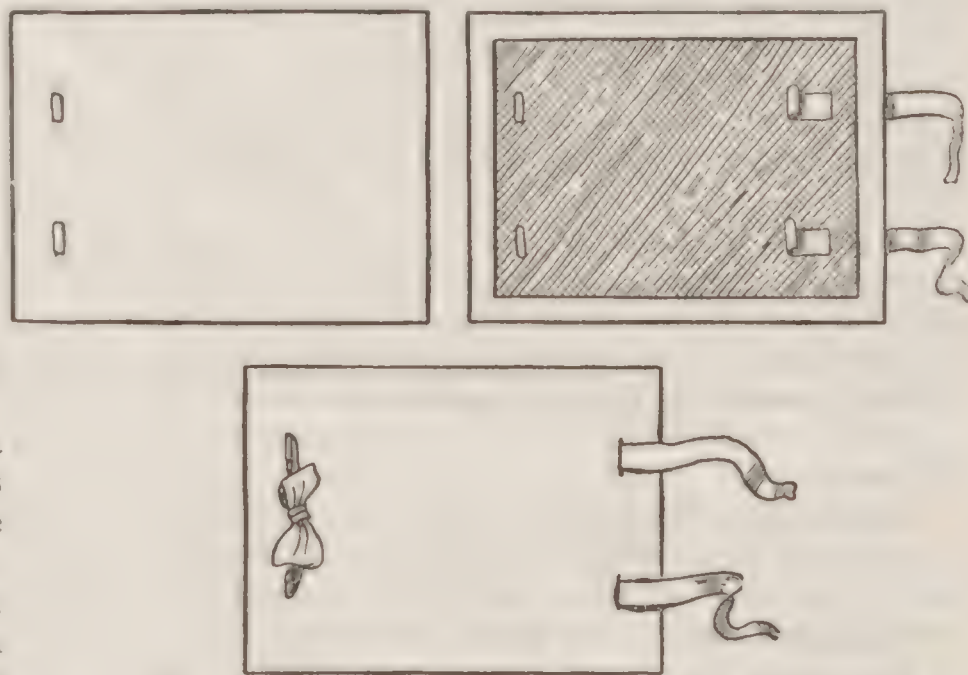
First of all, measure and mark the exact spot on each cover where the slits are to come—an inch and a quarter from the left-hand edge and an inch and

a half from the top and bottom edges is a good position.

The slits must be cut very carefully, or the cover will look untidy, and its appearance will be spoilt.

It is a great improvement to place ties at the opposite ends of the cover, and for these a set of similar slits must be cut, in both top and bottom covers.

The cover of the picture book is now ready, and all that remains to be done is to cut sheets of brown paper to exactly the same size as the covers, making two slits at the left-hand side of each one, to correspond with those on the left-hand side of the cover, so that the pages may be tied into the book when they have been filled. If the slits are cut *before* the pages are filled, there is no fear of the young artist



finding that a slit must be cut in the face perhaps of one of his or her best pictures in order to fix the page into the book.

When the pages are ready to be tied into the book, the top and bottom covers must be placed in position with the pages arranged in their proper order in between, and a strip of braid or ribbon a yard and a quarter long must be passed through them, starting from the left-hand top corner slit in the front cover through the pages and back cover, along the back, up through the left-hand bottom corner slit, and up through the pages on to the front of the cover again, where the two ends must be drawn up tightly and tied in a bow. The four short ties for the opposite side of the book consist of four nine-inch-long strips, passed through each of the remaining four slits in the covers, from the inside to the outside, the ends inside the covers being tightly rolled up once or twice to neaten them, thus making a fat little roll, which prevents them from pulling through the slits, when the picture book is tied up.

The decoration of the outside of the cover is purely a matter for the maker's own choice. An amusing figure, cut from a coloured page in a children's paper or magazine, such as a child being carried sky-high by a huge air balloon, shows an excellent result obtained with very little trouble. The brown paper background shows up any coloured decoration splendidly, and a flight of gaily painted birds, such as are to be found amongst pages of scraps, firmly pasted on, would be pretty and gay, or a huntsman and hounds, cut out from a coloured sporting print, by Cecil Aldin, would be delightful.

The words "Scrap Book," or "Picture Book," might be illuminated on the cover, using a good deal of gold or silver metallic paint and introducing whichever colour has been chosen for the ribbon ties into the lettering, for those of you who prefer this plan to pasting a picture on the cover.

Press each picture down firmly, and use as little paste as possible when sticking the pictures into the book.

An Autograph Book covered with white drawing-paper, with sheets of white paper inside, tied with a white or pale green ribbon, could be made in just the same way as the brown paper covered one, and a flower wreath cut from a scrap of wall paper, and pasted on, would make a very pretty decoration for the cover.

Such books, with leaves of white drawing-paper, are splendid for keeping pressed flowers. The covers should be made of stout millboard, covered with brown paper, and the necessary slits must be pierced in the covers, by a frame maker, who would also supply the millboard cheaply, cut ready to the required size.

The Fakenham Ghost.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park
(Here truth inspires my tale);
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the Vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still;
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turned; it stopped!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain;
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame;
For, when the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain!
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped: and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *Ghost* and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she feared the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before:—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised:
Out came her daughter dear:
Good-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park,
And simple as the playful lamb
Had followed in the dark.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Our Competitions.

SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR TEACHERS.

November Issue 1922, page 127.

THE Editress is very much obliged for the help and guidance afforded by the papers sent in by

Miss M. C. SHORE, Mount School,
Kersal, Manchester, and

Mr. ERNEST PICKFORD, M.I.H., Headmaster,
Harthill C.E. School, Chester.

The Book Prize of One Pound will be shared between these two Competitors, and a catalogue will be sent to each in order that the books may be selected.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must* be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than February 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]



Competitions for February.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay on "How to spend a Wet Evening."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Three countrymen met at a cattle market. "Look here," said Hodge to Jakes, "I'll give you six of my pigs for one of your horses, and then you'll have twice as many animals here as I've got." "If that's your way of doing business," said Durrant to Hodge, "I'll give you fourteen of my sheep for a horse, and then you'll have three times as many animals as I." "Well, I'll go better than that," said Jakes to Durrant; "I'll give you four cows for a horse, and then you'll have six times as many animals as I've got here."

No doubt this was a very primitive way of bartering animals, but it is an interesting little puzzle to discover just how many animals Jakes, Hodge, and Durrant must have taken to the cattle market.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of a pot of hyacinths, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write an account of Gideon.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write an essay describing the last dream you had, good or bad.

DRAWING COMPETITION (B).

Look carefully at the two drawings on this page and you will see that something has been left out of both pictures. Copy the drawings on to a sheet of paper and fill in what is missing.

ALPHABET PUZZLE.

Combine two letters of the alphabet in such a way that when spoken they form a word answering the

following questions. For example: A town in Germany.

Ans. Essen (SN):—

1. A climbing plant.
2. A kind of material for dresses.
3. Not difficult.
4. To try.
5. Void.
6. To surpass.
7. A county of England.
8. To covet.
9. A river of Asia.
10. To equip.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words your favourite Bible Story.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

MABEL READ.—The Editress thanks you for your letter, and is very sorry indeed that the rule about the Competition Form cannot be broken. Perhaps you have a friend who is a subscriber and who does not wish to enter for the competitions.

Prize List for December.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Daisy Brewer, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W. 18. W. D. Millican, Ardreagh, Aghadowey, County Derry. Olive Ainscough, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancashire.

Honourable Mention.—Elsie Rutland, London; Dorothy Heal, St. James's School, Taunton; Arthur Edward Smith, Hinckley; Molly Elder, Dundee; James R. Shaw, Chapelhall; Walter J. Bond, Herbert Sulsh, and Marjorie K. Brown, The Southfield School, Wandsworth; Edith Brindle and Mary Hope, St. Paul's C.E. School; Norah Love, Putney; Lucy Crook, St. Marie's School, Bury.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Leslie J. Iliffe, 49 Clarendon Road, Hinckley. Ivy Holloway, 96 Shirley Road, Southampton. Harold Ellis, 89 Brookwood Road, Southfields, S.W. 18. Olive Gardner, 89 Crankhall Lane, Wednesbury.

Honourable Mention.—Nellie Daniels, Stoneybridge School; Olive Rowley, Washwood Heath, Birmingham; E. Whittle, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Kathleen Atchison, Coleraine; Margaret H. Gray, Olford, Sevenoaks.

ARITHMETICAL COMPETITION.

[The correct answer to this problem was £200.]

Prize-Winners.—Frank Shore, 31 Tonge Street, Heywood, Lancashire. Edith M. Mann, 32 Brooklyn Road, Dovercourt, Essex. Margaret Swan, 53 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast. James Robert Henderson, Cornhill Farm, Coulter, Biggar.

Honourable Mention.—Madeline Holmes, East Kirkby, Notts; Margaret Kelso, London; Nancy Eve, Ilford; Dorothy Bates, Sheffield; John Gardner, Glasgow; Tommy Blakely, Lisburn; Nellie Roe, Ashfield, Notts; Agnes Gibson, Glasgow; Joseph Chamberlain, Hinckley; May Attrill, St. James's School, Taunton.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Christian Hill, The Priory, Selham, near Petworth, Sussex. Dick Young, 23 Priesthills

Road, Hinckley. Jack Roberts, 7 Jerusalem Street, Ormeau Road, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Daisy Mitchell, Westcliffe-on-Sea; Olwen B. Stephens, Cardiff; A. E. Smith, Hinckley; John Piers, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Bessie Pope, Kemberton School; Frances Healey, Pendleton.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Joan Clarke, 77 Brookwood Road, Southfield, S.W. 18. May Silver, 7 Brunswick Road, Buckley, near Chester. Walter Lockley, 171 London Road, Hinckley. Dorothy Gray, Derwent Crook, Lowfell, Gateshead.

Honourable Mention.—Beatie Hammond, Kemberton School; Thomas Nicholls, Kidderminster; Phyllis Boden and Elsie Owen, Widnes; Denise M. Eagling, Cricklewood; Margaret Taylor and Barbara Wawn, Sunderland; Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School; Harry Smith, Kidderminster; Elsie Stevens, Haydock; James Ford, Bury; Connie Buckley, Mount School, Kersal; Vera Lestrangle, Milton, Portsmouth; Ruth M. Mitchell, Sheffield; Myrtle Cook, Worthing.

ISLANDS COMPETITION.

[The names of the islands, starting from the top left-hand corner, were: Lewis-with-Harris; Australia; Isle of Man; Madagascar; New Guinea; Ceylon.]

Prize-Winners.—George Marsden, The Hollies, Newland Park, Hull. Albert Mellers, 61 King Street, Loughborough. Mary Templeton, 28 Back Street, Newmilns. Ruth Olive Mary Pepper, 3 Roskell Road, Putney, S.W. 15.

Honourable Mention.—Arnold P. Austin, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; Stanley Bleackley, Heywood; Eveline Bruce, Belfast; Edith Brunson, Gloucester; Helen Campbell, Richmond, Surrey; Edna Chapman, Ilford; Anne Clay, Kemberton School; Rhoda Coulter, Newtownards; Alfred J. Forbes, Strabane; Marjorie B. Galton, Christchurch; Mary Gumbleton, Bexley; Willie Harris, Wednesbury; Cathie Heaverman, Cathcart; John Hewson, Port Sunlight; Edith Horne, Walken; Edwin G. F. Kennedy, Dublin; George M. Kilgour, Greenock; William Lynch, Dundee; Norah Mahpod, Putney; Vera Moore, Blackrod; Rita Pendreich, Edinburgh; Edith Robinson, Gloucester; Paisley Rogers, Bangor; M. Share, Wednesbury; Barbara Sharp, Edinburgh; Mary B. Stevenson, Glasgow; Nancy P. Tawse, Greenock; Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School; Stanley White, London; Iris Williams, Gloucester; Mary Wilson, Yoker.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Anne Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Nicholas Whiteside, Boundary Lane, Hesketh Bank, near Preston. Humphrey Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton. Elsie Owen, 76 Cooper Street, Widnes.

Honourable Mention.—Meg Williams, Wynn, St. Asaph; Edith Jones and Percy Edwards, Kemberton School; Chrissie Duncan, Stirling; Mary Davies, Gnosall, Staffordshire; Reggie Beach, Rubery, Birmingham.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Robert Ball, School Fold, Hesketh Bank, near Preston. Margaret Mather, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts. Mary Bott, Birchfield, Donnington Wood, Newport, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Alison Hill, Selham, near Petworth; Harry Jones, Kemberton School; Mary Davies, Gnosall; Joseph Chamberlain, Hinckley.



"SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN" SERIES

Cloth. Each 3s. 6d. net.

Bold Type. Simple Language. Beautiful Illustrations.

BEES.
INSECTS.
BUTTERFLIES.



BIRDS.
TREES.
FLOWERS.



THE FARM.
GARDENS.
NESTS & EGGS.



BEASTS.
THE EARTH.
RAILWAYS.



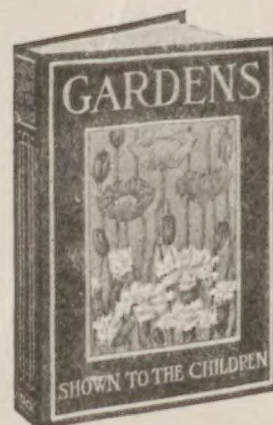
SEA-SHORE.
SHIPS AND
SEAFARING.



ARCHITECTURE.
THE
MICROSCOPE.



WORK AND
WORKERS.



STARS.
THE ARMY.
THE NAVY.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London & Edinburgh.

JACK'S GIFT BOOKS.



'OUR ISLAND STORY' SERIES.

These beautiful Gift Books are all printed in bold type, have numerous colour and black-and-white illustrations, and are handsomely bound in cloth boards.

Each **10s. 6d.** net.



By H. E. MARSHALL.

OUR ISLAND STORY.
OUR EMPIRE STORY.
SCOTLAND'S STORY.
ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



By M. B. SYNGE.

A BOOK OF DISCOVERY.

By MARY MACGREGOR.

THE STORY OF FRANCE.

By JEAN LANG.

A BOOK OF MYTHS.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Price **10s. 6d.** net.



A STAIRCASE OF STORIES.

Edited by LOUEY CHISHOLM and AMY STEEDMAN.

Sixty-four tales for children. Thirty-one plates in colour, and forty-one in black-and-white.

A NURSERY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By ELIZABETH O'NEILL.

One hundred coloured pictures, and many in black-and-white, by GEORGE MORROW. The text explains the pictures.



T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

[Feb.

Name.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Age last Birthday.....